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THE DIGNITY OF NON-COMPLAINT.

One cannot help admiring the spirit of the man who, on being asked if he had not been complaining lately, answered, 'I have been ill, but I never complain.' It were of course too stoical to be amiable, if one were to determine *never* to complain. Our social feelings go against so extreme a resolution, and announce that, as it is right to give sympathy, so it cannot be wrong, under proper circumstances, to ask it. But certainly it *is* only in special circumstances and relations that complaint is allowable or politic.

It is obvious enough that what makes complaint in most instances injudicious is, that it is apt to excite something besides or apart from sympathy; namely, pity, which is always a sentiment looking down from a high place to a low one. The power, force, self-helpfulness of the object, all that tends to create the common kind of respect, is derogated by this feeling; and the transition to contempt is often fatally easy. Whereas he who bears without complaining, or making any demand on sympathy, is unavoidably held to possess some peculiar impregnability of character allied to the higher powers of our nature; and though there is often something fearful in the contemplation of sufferings unacknowledged, we cannot help looking on with a certain kind of reverence. It is doubtless well that all this should be so; for is not all fortune to be overcome by enduring? That is to say, is not this enduring just an appointed means of adjusting ourselves to all the contingencies of Providence?

The allowableness of complaint is determined by circumstances and relations. We may complain in the presence of those who, we know, take an interest in us, with less risk than we can in other company. We may more allowably complain of a common wo of humanity, than of some special personal evil. A man would not care to fret about a pricked finger to his wife, while the savage suffers unimaginable pains at the stake with an unmoved countenance; he

——— 'may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

To have been the victim of an influenza, may be spoken of freely and dolorously, within moderate bounds; but it is different if we are only recovering from an affront or a slight, where our own self-respect was alone concerned, because *there* sympathy comes less freely, if at all, or is liable to be mixed with no very reverential feeling. It is from a sense of this philosophy that those who complain about any personal vexation usually endeavour to take from its egotistic character by allying it to a public cause. 'It is my turn to be slighted or slandered to-day—it may be yours to-morrow.' Or, 'Such attacks—though I care nothing for them myself—are reprehensible on general grounds.' And so forth. But such efforts are, in reality, a confession that there is something felt to be weak and unworthy, generally speaking, in complaint. Man has a latent unconfessed sense that (allowing for just exceptions) he has no proper right to call attention to anything affecting himself alone, and that it is best to hush such affairs in the darkness of his own bosom.

If a mercantile man finds his acceptance declined at a bank, or an order upon some distant correspondent politely refused, he does not rush upon 'Change to proclaim the grievance, knowing very well that such conduct would not tend to the improvement of his credit. It would be wrong for him even to complain to the bank or the correspondent. Policy directs that he should appear perfectly at ease under the refusal in either case, or, at the most, observe a dignified silence on the subject. It may thus come to pass that the other party will in time presume that possibly it might not have been so far amiss to discount that bill or comply with that order. At the very least, matters are made no worse. How far such policy squares with a very nice morality, I will not stop to consider; but, assuredly, the system of non-complaint is the best calculated to favour the objects of the merchant in his professional existence: as mere policy, it is perfect. So, also, one never hears a young lady complain of such a calamity as the loss of a front tooth. That is a matter between herself and her dentist. Complaint on the subject to any but that confidential adviser would only aggravate the evil. These are typical cases, bearing with unusual force upon the question; but no one to whom they are mentioned can be at a loss to see how the philosophy of non-complaint may be applied in other instances.

Take, for example, the man of art; that is, the man who, by the chisel, the brush, the pen, or the use of his brain and fingers for the production of music, works out results for the gratification and improvement of his fellow-creatures. If such a man finds his works neglected, will it improve his case to complain? Assuredly not. He may imagine there is some accidental or mischievous cause for the neglect, instead of his own deficiency of merit. But such suppositions, if expressed, only bring down ridicule upon his head. He may be severely handled by critics; but to complain of this, or attempt to put in something in arrest of judgment, or to retort upon the judge, can only injure him further with the public, as showing him in the humiliating light of one who suffers. The true policy, be assured, is that of the merchant whose bill has been handed back undiscounted—not to say a single word or look one look about the matter. The late Mr William Hazlitt, with his unquestionable powers of mind, was sadly deficient in this wisdom. Some of his writings, as, for example, his *Essay on the Jealousy and Spleen of Party*, betray

a pitiable sensitiveness to the little rubs and slights of life; soreness about criticism, vexation about the superior social *éclat* of other literary labourers—'raw' all over. Such conduct is a voluntary giving up of the dignity which the public must inevitably associate with the names of all who have written *tellingly* in whatever way; it is to sit down with greater humiliation than even enemies are in general inclined to impute. Suppose there were real ill-usage and some little actual bad consequences from it, well—minimise the evil by absorbing it in the woolpack of silence, and you will soon recover your proper position in spite of it. But to whimper, or scold in return, or in anyway admit that you have been galled—oh, how it does the very thing the enemy aims at—what a suicide it is! And self-murder is the only way by which moral death comes to any man.

Perhaps the ultimate source of the good to be derived from non-complaint is its convenience to the general interest. Every one has his own woes; it is not, therefore, surprising that few feel aggrieved by hearing little of the distresses of their friends, however willing to give sympathy if complaint is actually made. It is, therefore, as good for us, as it is dignified on the part of the sufferer, that he should trouble us as little as possible with his distresses. Having, as life and the world go, far more need to be associated with what is cheering and encouraging than with the reverse, we are unavoidably attracted to the train of the successful and self-helpful, the gay and buoyant, even without any regard to tangible benefits derivable from them, while the unprosperous are too apt to be left pining in solitude. It is human nature to give pity and succour to the latter when the claim is directly presented, but in all circumstances to cling fast to and idolise the former, as something good, tutelary, and beautiful. For such reasons it must be that complaint, necessarily associated in our minds with infirmity, never can produce respect. So it must be that we admire, as the next best to success and greatness, the magnanimity which betrays not defeat or injury. Our thrilling reverence for him who suffers in silence, is mixed with a thankfulness that, in the maze of our own special evils, we have not the addition of listening to, and administering to, his.

I would, then, recommend the principle of non-complaint as one which it is useful to follow, under certain limitations. To shut ourselves up in a stoical indifference on all occasions, were at once unamiable and unwise. To consult nothing but dignity on this point, were to become detestable. Much would we prefer the man, weak as a woman's tear, to him who stood perpetually in a marble-like rigidity, professedly superior to all grief. The fullest allowance is to be made on that side. And particularly would we insist that, in the domestic circle, and amongst true friends, there should be a full communion and frankness on every passing trouble requiring counsel and assistance. Poured into a loving and kindred bosom, our griefs are sacred; reposing this confidence, we ourselves become objects of only increased tenderness. A disposition having regard to the happiness of others, will at once perceive where to draw the line of distinction between what ought and what ought not to be complained of—between what is a proper subject for the condolence of others, and that which would only unnecessarily vex and annoy them. We have all enough of sorrows of our own, without being unduly burdened with those of others; and, depend upon it, there is none more unamiable or more generally shunned than the fretful and querulous. On troubles incidental to all, it is also to be admitted that complaint is legitimate, so far as it may lead to a remedy, or to a union of our common brotherhood in the bonds of sympathy. But undoubtedly, as a general rule, apart from these exceptions, there is much to be admired in non-complaint—the course pointed out alike by considerateness for others and respect for ourselves. And I would hold this as an apothegm never to be swerved from—Respecting all egotistic sufferings whatever, from great injustices down to the most petty annoyances and incivilities, cultivate the glorious power of Bearing in Silence.

TRUE AND FALSE INDEPENDENCE—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'THERE, John, didn't I tell you that Uncle Robert's visits would well repay us for the trifling sum I expended in order to make our home fit to receive him?' was the triumphant exclamation of a portly farmer's wife as she hastily closed the door of the best parlour with the eager desire to make a private communication to her husband.

'I am not at present aware that Mr Atherton's stay here has benefited us beyond the pleasure which we have derived from his society,' her spouse somewhat drily remarked.

'But I called you in here to make you aware of it,' the lady rejoined; 'and now I hope you will at last give me credit for good management.'

'Pray, what may this vast advantage be, my dear?' John Dudley inquired, feeling no disposition to bestow commendations without being fully satisfied that they had been merited by his better half.

'Why, nothing less than that Uncle Robert has generously made us the offer to adopt Harry, and make him his heir.' This speech was uttered with that tone of self-importance assumed when the speaker feels certain that the intelligence will be welcome to the hearer; and great indeed was Mrs Dudley's astonishment and disappointment to find that no exclamation of rapture followed, but that, on the contrary, her spouse gave one of those significant shrugs of the shoulders, the meaning of which is unmistakeable.

'Why, John, you don't seem at all pleased,' she observed, a little crestfallen by the silent reception her information had met with. 'Surely you are not so foolish as to overlook the benefit our dear boy may derive from this offer, merely because you will not like to part from him? I should feel it, you may be sure, as keenly as you could do; but I should be sorry to throw a barrier in the way of his happiness on that account.'

'You quite mistake my motives, Betsy. I should be sorry to throw a barrier in the way of our son's happiness, but——'

'Oh, then you are of my way of thinking after all?' his wife eagerly interposed. 'Well, I thought you could not be so blind to the interests——'

'Nay, nay, don't be so hasty in your conclusions, my dear,' Dudley interrupted in his turn; 'for, to own the truth, though I am most grateful for your uncle's generous offer, I am doubting whether the acceptance of it would really advance the happiness of our boy.'

'Why, you have surely taken leave of your senses. But you are jesting; you cannot be in earnest. Not advance Harry's happiness to be brought up as a gentleman, and to have a fortune left him!'

'I am perfectly sane, and equally in earnest; and if you will listen patiently for ten minutes, Betsy, I will state my reasons for making this, as you deem, strange assertion.'

'You can never, I am sure, say anything that will convince me that you are right,' the lady returned a little sharply.

'Perhaps not, my dear,' responded the farmer; and his tone indicated that when Mrs Dudley was predetermined not to be convinced, it was scarcely possible to effect such an end. 'But I will, nevertheless, try. Now, in the first place, Henry is not a character likely to benefit by being placed in affluent circumstances: he is somewhat inclined to be indolent and extravagant; and the luxuries his uncle's wealth would at present afford, together with the prospect of a future support, requiring no exertion or industry on his part to obtain, would still further tend to paralyse his energies and encourage his imprudence.'

'Your arguments tell against your own cause, John. Had the offer been made to Thomas, I should, on the very grounds that you urge as a motive for refusal, have wished that it had been made to Harry instead. Tom will make his own way in the world; he does not need a fortune prepared for him; but Harry is, as you have said, every way unfitted for a farmer—in fact he is cut out for a gentleman!'

'You look only on the surface of things, my dear Betsy,' observed her husband in a tone of deep seriousness. 'You are pleased with the prospect of your son's inclinations being gratified, and you do not take into consideration the moral evils which might, I had almost said must, ensue. The possession of wealth is, without doubt, desirable when the possessor has the wisdom to use it aright; but when, on the contrary, it only administers to self-indulgence, it enervates the character, and becomes a positive evil.'

'But I don't think you ought to conclude that such would be our Harry's case: he is but a boy,' pleaded Mrs Dudley.

'I draw my inferences from the present position of things,' the father rejoined. 'He is, as you say, but a boy; but his are faults that are likely to strengthen with his years, especially if exposed to the temptations which wealth would present. You know, my dear, they have been a source of unhappiness to us from his earliest childhood, and on that account I think I am fully justified in supposing that, under similar circumstances, he would be influenced in the same manner as others of his character have been. Your uncle,' he continued, 'though a very respectable, and, in many points, worthy individual, is not a suitable person to undertake the important charge of bringing up youth—especially a youth of Henry's bent of mind—he being himself too indolent to correct the boy's faults.'

A stop was here put to the tête-à-tête by the entrance of Master Harry, who, having just learned from his rich relative that an offer in his favour had been made to his mother, unceremoniously entered the room to express his delight.

Mr Robert Atherton, or 'Uncle Robert,' as he was usually termed, had for many years enjoyed a handsome fortune, which he had, when a young man, unexpectedly become possessed of by the bequest of a hitherto unknown relative. He was, consequently, regarded as the rich man of the family; and as he was a bachelor, various speculations had been made by his numerous nephews, nieces, and cousins respecting which amongst them would, at his demise, become the fortunate inheritor of his property. The candidates for his favour had, since the above-mentioned event, become so fond of his Christian name, that every family claiming even the most distant degree of relationship, that of John Dudley alone excepted, had made choice of it, and in several instances it had even been rendered feminine, and changed into Roberta. Had Mrs Dudley been allowed to have her own way, it is certain that her eldest son would not have borne the appellation of Henry, and her daughter Catherine would probably have added to the stock of Robertas; but the honest, straightforward farmer, indignant at the mean motives which had instigated his wife's relatives, and fully determined that no suspicion of similar conduct should be attached to him, positively refused the request, notwithstanding that it was urged with tears. In his disgust for anything like courting the favour of the rich man, he overstepped the bounds of courtesy; for he was obviously less polite to Mr Atherton whenever they chanced to meet than he was to any one else. Never would he have given his wife permission to invite him to his house, and, above all, allow her to make some (to them) costly additions to her best parlour furniture for the occasion, had not the old gentleman been brought to the neighbourhood by business, and thus in some measure claimed his hospitality. Great had been the exultation of Mrs Dudley when she found that neither of her fawning cousins had succeeded in pleasing their rich relative to the extent of their wishes, and that her eldest son had been selected as the object of favour; but her triumph was equalled by her vexation when her husband raised what she deemed such futile objections; and she was in a fever of excitement lest he should meet with Mr Atherton ere she had used her powers of persuasion, which, to own the truth, were not small. The fact was, John Dudley, though firm to obstinacy on any point which he considered affected his integrity, had vulnerable points, and his good lady having the tact to discover and work on them, was not always unsuccessful in her plans of operation. The conversation which introduced Mrs Dudley to the reader's notice is not likely to have given a favourable impression of her character; but, to do her justice, it must be told that ambition to effect the aggrandisement of her children was the principal flaw it exhibited: she was, nevertheless, a tender wife and mother, a clever manager, a kind mistress, and a good neighbour. Henry Dudley, now a youth of fifteen, was just the description of character to insinuate himself into the good graces of a weak-minded man possessed of little penetration. He added to a singularly handsome person an address so captivating and unlike that of the sons of even the higher class of farmers nearly fifty years back, that he was looked upon as a prodigy. Personal endowments were, however, his all; he possessed neither mental nor moral superiority; and, inheriting his mother's ambition, without the good qualities which distinguished her, he had secretly made the resolve that he would become his uncle's heir from the very first mention of that gentleman's proposed visit.

To be brief: the united pleadings of the mother and son at length overruled the objections of the father, and Mrs Dudley herself undertook the task of accepting the offer with all due acknowledgments of gratitude.

We will now, with the reader's permission, pass over a period of five-and-twenty years—a fourth part of a century. Such a period often produces mighty revolutions in empires, vast alterations in our social condition, strange vicissitudes in families, and important changes in the position of individuals. It is not, however, our place to speak of the political events which had, during that interval, convulsed the kingdoms of Europe, nor even of the benefits which had resulted to society from the march of mind; our office is to show the alteration that had taken place in the positions of the characters which figure in our narrative. Henry Dudley, or Mr Henry Dudley, as he must in future be styled, occupied a spacious mansion in one of the 'west end' squares of the great metropolis. He whom we introduced at the commencement of our tale as a youth of fifteen, had become the father of two daughters, who, having 'finished' their education—that is, spent the usual term of years at a 'finishing school,' had just 'come out.' As may have been surmised, Mr Henry Dudley had, by the death of Uncle Robert, become possessed of the coveted property. He had previously united himself to the daughter of a merchant; and had the young couple been contented to live within the limits of their joint income, they might have maintained what is denominated a very respectable footing in society—meaning a moderate complement of servants and a carriage; but their ambition was not satisfied with this. They were aware that, not being able to boast of patrician birth, they must offer some equivalent, if they hoped to gain admittance to the higher circles. The oft-tried experiment of giving excellent dinners was therefore made by the husband, whilst the wife issued cards for splendid parties; both of which succeeded beyond their hopes. It is true that, by these means, they were constantly immersed in debt, and were obliged to sacrifice every domestic comfort; but in return for these evils, they could boast of Lord such a one's having dined at their table, and of the Countess of —— having graced their saloons.

Five-and-twenty years had also wrought changes in the person and situation of John Dudley's youngest son. He, too, had married, and become the father of a family,

but the woman he had made choice of was as unlike the wife of his brother as it was possible for two individuals to be. In point of education she was her inferior; but though without those accomplishments which tend to refine the mind and manners, Mrs Thomas Dudley was wholly free from vulgarity. There is a class of persons, even in the humblest ranks of society, who bear the stamp of gentility solely from their quiet habits, and the indulgence of gentle thoughts. She was one of this class; but though gliding unostentatiously and noiselessly through the world, she was, nevertheless, far from unimportant in the circle in which she was called to move. Thomas Dudley had fulfilled his father's prophecy by making his own way in the world. Unremitting industry, strict integrity, and unwearied perseverance, had enabled him to become the owner of a substantial farm, which yielded a competence for his now numerous family. He had also, with pious care, provided for the declining years of his venerable parents, and given them a home beneath his roof: a more delightful scene could scarcely be witnessed than that which their fireside presented after the toils and duties of the day were over. The silver chain of love bound them with its easy fetters, and they enjoyed a little world of happiness amongst themselves. There was yet another person, of whom slight mention was made at the commencement of our narrative. This was Catherine Dudley—for she was Catherine Dudley still, and, it was thought, was likely to remain so; not, however, because her hand was unsought. Whether this lady preferred a life of celibacy, or whether, as some shrewdly guessed, she had been once disappointed, is uncertain; but the former appeared the most likely, for she had early given her whole attention to the improvement of her mind. The advantages she had enjoyed were few, yet, overcoming difficulties by unwearied application, she had educated herself, and thus rendered herself competent to undertake, with the aid of masters, an establishment for tuition in a neighbouring town. Her society would not have been deemed an intrusion in her brother's house, for her amiable manners had made her a favourite with young and old; but, having imbibed her father's notions of independence, she preferred the pursuit of an honourable maintenance for herself. It was undoubtedly an advantage to any young female to be placed under Miss Dudley's care, for she not only sought to advance the intellectual improvement of her pupils, but made it her study to fit them for the active duties of life: to render them *passively amiable* and *elegantly useless* being far from the end she had in view. Thomas Dudley's daughters, each in turn, shared the benefit of their aunt's instructions, and the result effected in them alone gave proof of the wisdom of the system she had adopted.

The usually quiet family at the Elms—for so the farm of Thomas Dudley was denominated—were one summer's morning thrown into a state of excitement by an elegant carriage stopping at the garden-gate. The younger children, who were gambolling on the greensward before the house, immediately concluding that their gentleman uncle, as he was called, was about to pay them a visit, ran into the house to communicate the welcome news. Their father, in consequence, came forth to greet his guest, though he thought it scarcely probable that his brother would come into so obscure a part of the country as that in which he resided, for the purpose of seeing any of the members of his family. He had long estranged himself from them, being too much engrossed by seeking titled acquaintances. The younger Dudley had once, when in London on business, ventured to lift his brother's knocker with his toil-hardened hand, to tread on his Turkey carpets with his heavy country-made boots, and even to seat himself on one of his damask-covered ottomans; but he had had reason to repent of his temerity, for the cold greeting he met with from the master of the mansion, and the positive frowns of the mistress, had driven him from their inhospitable abode with the resolve that he would never again intrude.

The surmises of the children were correct: it was indeed their gentleman uncle's carriage which stood at the gate, and Mr Henry Dudley now stepped forth to meet his brother with extended hand and ready smile. Thomas, in whose generous breast one spark of resentment had never been known to lurk, gave it a warm pressure, accompanied by a prompt and hearty welcome. Having ordered his coachman to put up the horses at the best inn the adjacent town afforded, the elder brother now followed the younger into the house. 'You are pleasantly situated here,' he said, glancing complacently on the extensive and beautiful prospect the spot commanded.

'We are,' was the farmer's reply; 'but its chief attractions are within.'

'You were always fond of this kind of life, Tom,' the elder Dudley resumed, and a sigh he could not repress escaped his lips.

'We are as happy as mortals can hope to be in this world,' observed the younger; 'unbounded wealth could not make us more so.' As he spoke, he entered the vine-encircled porch, and threw open the door of a neatly-furnished parlour, in which Mrs Dudley and her eldest daughter, unconscious of the proximity of a stranger, were busily employed in their household duties. Many ladies, even in the sphere in which Mrs and Miss Dudley moved, would have been disconcerted at being discovered thus occupied, especially by a person who was accustomed to meet the females of his family arrayed in elegant dishabilles at that hour; but no such feelings of false shame agitated them. Mr Henry Dudley had expected to find, to use his own expression, 'the very essence of vulgarity' in his brother's wife and family, and anticipated carrying back a fund of amusement for his daughters, by describing the consternation and awkward diffidence of their rustic country cousins on the occasion of his unexpected arrival. Great, therefore, was his astonishment when Mrs Dudley quietly laid down the implements of household industry she had been using, and received him with an ease which would not have disgraced his drawing-room. Kate, who was at the moment engaged in watering and pruning the flowers which filled the recess of the window, simply attired, and with her beautiful and intelligent countenance blooming with health, exercise, and cheerfulness, looked the personification of Flora; and their visitor ceased to wonder that his brother had intimated that the chief attractions were within.

Henry Dudley was now clasped in the warm embraces of his venerable parents, whom he had not visited since he had become possessed of his fortune. The father's penetrating mind had foreseen this too probable result, but the mother had often shed tears of bitter regret for the part she had taken in furthering the event which had caused the estrangement. The former could not forbear giving vent to some expressions of displeasure, but the latter felt that all remembrance of past neglect was overwhelmed in the delight she experienced in beholding him once more. The hospitable board was quickly spread for the guest, and the younger members of the family were next introduced. It was the summer holidays, and Thomas Dudley collected a group composed of half a score of smiling, healthy-looking boys and girls, who, he pleasantly observed, would stock the neighbourhood with farmers and farmers' wives for the next generation.

'But you surely don't intend bringing up all your sons to husbandry?' their uncle inquiringly remarked.

'I do indeed,' was the reply. 'I know it is the fashion now-a-days for young people to despise the calling of their parents, ambitiously desiring to rise above the station to which they belong; but I don't approve of this, and I've taught my boys that to earn an honest living is honourable, be it in what class of society it may.'

'But suppose,' the elder brother interposed, tapping his eldest nephew on the shoulder—'suppose one of these fine fellows should happen to possess a soul above tilling

the soil—no disparagement to your occupation, Tom; but would you, in that case, persist in forcing him to pursue it?'

'If any one of them showed a particular wish or talent for some other calling, I would not by any means control his inclination,' the father replied; 'but as to having a soul *above* tilling the soil, I don't like the expression, Henry. There is a positive dignity in an honourable employment, and I deem that of the farmer to be equally respectable with that of the merchant, or even the professional gentleman. Can any reason be given,' he asked, 'why a man's mind should be degraded because he is a tiller of the ground?'

'Well, well, Tom, don't take offence; I meant none, I assure you; I only thought that it might lie in my power to introduce one or two of your sons to some advantageous situations. I have considerable influence with the great.'

'I'd rather that they should seek an honest independence by means of their own exertions, than depend on the patronage of any great man,' the younger Dudley somewhat abruptly returned.

'Independence!' repeated the elder brother. 'But you don't call a farmer independent?'

'I call every man independent who supports himself and his family by his own industry,' answered Thomas. 'If,' he pursued, 'we take the word in its most extensive meaning, we are *all* dependent, not only on the bounties of Providence, but on each other, for we should lead but a sorry life if we were unwilling to receive benefits from our fellow-men. But I mean to say, Henry, that an honest man, who earns his bread before he eats it, has really a greater claim to be styled independent than many a gentleman who rides in his carriage.' The visitor writhed a little under this remark, but being determined, for a very powerful reason, not to be offended with anything his brother might say, he adroitly changed the conversation by turning gallantly to Kate, who was standing at his elbow waiting for a pause that she might present him with a choice of home-made wines.

'I will now take the nectar from the hands of our female Ganymede,' he exclaimed, raising one of the brimming goblets to his lips.

'No, sir—they are currant, gooseberry, and grape wines: I have not made any mead lately; my bees have failed,' Mrs Dudley observed, having indistinctly heard her guest's remark, and supposing that he had inquired if the beverage presented was the ancient English liquor.

'I shall not return quite barren of amusement for Juliet and Theodora,' thought the visitor.

Kate, who perfectly understood her uncle's allusion, crimsoned deeply, and stammered forth something like an apology for her mother's blunder.

'I wish, Harry, that you had said nothing about your ability to procure the boys advantageous situations,' the younger Dudley remarked when alone with his brother; 'I noticed how Benjamin's eye lighted up, and was in a moment fixed upon mine to observe the effect your words had upon me.'

'Well, and what harm could ensue to the boy; would you bury him for life in this solitude?'

'No, Harry, far from it; I could wish that he should see more of the world than his father has done, but not that he should, at his tender age, be exposed to the temptations the metropolis presents to a youth who cannot be guarded by the parental eye. Your proposal was kindly intentioned, but I cannot avail myself of it. Believe me, I would rather see my sons grow up worthy than either wealthy or great.'

'I know you have some singular notions on that point,' the elder brother rejoined; 'but now that we are alone, I wish to consult with you on a little matter of my own—a matter which causes me some uneasiness.'

'You are surely not in any pecuniary difficulties?' Thomas asked in concern.

'To own the truth, I am a little embarrassed: you know my income is not large, considering the appearance I am obliged to support, and——'

'*Obliged* to support! What obligation can there be for you to support an appearance beyond your means?'

'You know nothing of the world, Thomas; at least nothing beyond the contracted world in which you live. If we assume a certain station in society, we must support that station; and in order to do so——'

'You must sacrifice truth, justice, and integrity. Is it not so, Henry? I know a little more, perhaps, of such things than you imagine.'

'I came here to ask your counsel—nay, I thought you would act a brotherly part, and assist me a little: it is but a mere bagatelle I want; and now you take me to task as though I were a prodigal son.'

'No, my brother, I only wish to open your eyes to the truth; for to every one, yourself excepted, it must be obvious that, with the late Mr Atherton's property, you ought not to be embarrassed.'

'Well, perhaps I have been a little imprudent,' the elder brother resumed; 'this is, however, the first time I have applied to you for assistance.'

'Considering that I have had to make my own way, and have so large a family to support, I think you ought not to require it from me. However, tell me what you term a bagatelle, and to what purpose it is to be applied.'

'The loan of a hundred and fifty pounds is all I want just now; and you will allow, I think, that it is to be applied to a good purpose, when I tell you it is to pay a debt, and will, moreover, save me from disgrace.'

'I assure you, Harry, that it is no such trifle to *me*,' observed Thomas; 'indeed it is more than I could part with just now. My property lies in land and stock. I have very little money at command.'

'Still I am sure you could find me that sum if you were so disposed. Your credit is good, I warrant?'

'It is, I am thankful to be able to say,' the farmer replied; 'but I am doubting whether it would be right for me to injure my own family in order to pamper you with luxuries. I'll venture to say that this debt was contracted for some superfluous articles.'

Henry was silent; for his brother's surmise was too near to the truth for him to venture a reply. 'If half the sum will accomplish the end, I will spare it you,' Thomas resumed, 'though I cannot say that I feel confident I am acting rightly by so doing. But let me beg of you,' he continued with earnestness, 'as you value your own peace of mind and the welfare of your family, to give up this foolish, nay, worse than foolish, competition with your superiors in station. Is a man a whit the more respected by his fellow-creatures because he ruins himself for their entertainment?'

'Well, well, brother, I will talk seriously to Mrs Dudley about reducing our expenditure.'

'Don't let it end in talk, Harry. If, with your joint incomes, you are so embarrassed as to be in want of a hundred and fifty pounds to save you from a prison, your affairs must, I am sure, be in a very sad state. You call yourself an independent gentleman, yet you depend upon the smiles of a few titled individuals for happiness; you present your guests with costly viands from rich plate which has never been paid for; you array yourselves in elegant habiliments at the expense of some unfortunate tailor and milliner. Tell me, my brother, if this be true independence? Is it not rather the most abject slavery? For he who, from absolute compulsion, toils at the meanest drudgery, is not, I deem, so truly a slave as he who sacrifices his principles in order to obtain a footing in society to which he has no legitimate right.'

'You goad me too much, Thomas,' the elder Dudley passionately exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, and burying his face in his hands. 'I was miserable enough before. I have struggled with circumstances till I can struggle no longer, and I cannot return to my family unless you furnish me with the whole sum; for, to own the truth, I have at this time an execution in my

house, and we have been compelled to disguise the man in possession in the garb of a footman.'

Thomas shuddered, but spoke not.

'You see the extreme urgency of the case,' Henry continued; 'and I will pledge my word of honour to scrupulously repay you, with the addition of any interest you may please to demand.'

'Interest!' the younger Dudley repeated; 'do you think I would lend a brother money at usury? No; I would not withhold it, even if there were no possibility of its being returned, if I could see that it would answer any desirable end; but if it be only to enable you to keep up a false and hollow appearance for a few months longer, I should deem myself absolutely culpable in parting with it to the injury of my family.'

'Only help me in this exigence, and by all that is sacred I will engage to follow your advice,' Henry energetically exclaimed.

The result of the above related conversation ended in the hundred and fifty pounds being, in the course of a few days, transferred from the hands of the younger Dudley to those of the elder. The latter now began to talk of returning to town. He was naturally anxious to relieve the anxiety of his wife; his daughters were perfectly unconscious of what was transacting under their parents' roof, and even supposed that their papa had had some addition to his property from the fact of his adding another footman to his establishment of servants. Miss Dudley having some business to transact in London, proposed availing herself of travelling in her brother's carriage. This led to a pressing invitation on the part of the latter for his sister to make a stay at his house for the few weeks which remained of the midsummer holidays. Kate was included in this invitation, but Thomas Dudley and his wife politely but positively declined accepting it. Catherine Dudley was not a stranger to the ladies of her brother's family. She had several times, when in town, made them a passing call; and, considering that she was not what Mrs Henry Dudley termed an independent gentlewoman, she had been courteously received. There was a grace and polish in her manners which fitted her for any society; and as her dress was not so unfashionable as to render her conspicuous, that lady deigned to treat her with some appearance of sisterly regard. Her brother, it must be acknowledged, was not without an interested motive in pressing the present visit. He had accidentally heard that she was succeeding so well with her seminary, that she had been enabled to put by a few hundreds; indeed he had ascertained that this had been the object of her visits to the metropolis. It is astonishing what acts of meanness persons will be guilty of in order to support a false position in society. The artificial wants of the family had become so numerous, that it had long required an income of more than double that which Mr Henry Dudley possessed in order to supply them; and without some more considerable aid than that he had received from his brother, he felt convinced that ruin and disgrace must inevitably follow them. The delusion of putting off the evil day is the common resource of weak minds, though to confront the threatened danger, and give it a fair investigation, would frequently rob it of half its terrors. The brother and sister were sitting at breakfast on the morning of their intended departure, when the London post brought a letter for the former. The seal was broken with a trembling hand, and the contents were perused with so much apparent agitation, that Miss Dudley kindly and sympathisingly inquired if there was any ill news from home.

'Sad news,' was the reply. 'Mrs Dudley is seriously ill, and my eldest daughter has written to urge my immediate return.' The tone in which these words were uttered plainly indicated that his lady's indisposition was not the only source of disquiet; but since he did not communicate anything further, she forebore to seek his confidence.

'I can scarcely expect you to visit a house of sickness,' the brother hesitatingly added; but to the generous-hearted Catherine the possibility of being useful was only a further inducement for her to leave the peaceful pleasures of her quiet home. The truth of the matter was, that the creditors of Mr Dudley surmising, from various circumstances, that his affairs were in a deranged state, had poured in their bills; but finding smooth words and fair promises to be all they were likely to get in payment, executions had followed one another so rapidly, that all hope of extrication was over. The lady of the house was so deeply concerned at the thought of having her elegant furniture and wardrobe sold by public auction, and her name becoming the table-talk of her fashionable acquaintances, that her health sunk beneath it, and she was incapable of making any effort to stem the torrent which was at length overwhelming them. Her daughters were in a truly pitiable state of mind when the truth could no longer be concealed from them, and a scene of greater confusion or more heart-rending misery could scarcely be conceived than that which greeted the brother and sister on their arrival at the mansion. Mrs Dudley was raving incoherently, whilst the young ladies stood weeping beside her in utter helplessness. The servants, despairing of the payment of their long arrears of wages, were quarrelling with each other, and execrating the pride and want of principle of their employers; whilst the officers of justice were unceremoniously regaling themselves from the wine-cellar and pantry. Miss Dudley's first care was to make an attempt to soothe the ladies. She besought the mother to keep her mind quiet, for the sake of her family, and appealed to the filial affection of the daughters. She then sought her brother, and advised that they should be removed as soon as possible to some quiet lodging in the suburbs, cheerfully offering to bear the expenses from a small sum she had brought to London for the purpose of adding to her little store, and to become her nurse. 'You, in the meantime, must make the best terms you can with your creditors,' she said, 'but no good can result from the presence of your wife and your daughters.'

Henry was quite willing to accede to her proposal, and felt really grateful for her prompt and disinterested kindness. Mrs Dudley gladly fell in with any plan which would remove her from the dreadful scenes which were passing in her home. It was therefore put into execution on the following morning.

The pecuniary embarrassments of Mr Henry Dudley were found to be greater than his sister had at first anticipated. His uncle's property had been chiefly invested in dwelling-houses, and now there was not one remaining which he had not mortgaged to the extent of its value. His wife's income, fortunately for them, was so settled by her guardians—for parents she had not—that she could not receive more than a quarter's dividend at a time; but even this had been forestalled by means of promissory notes, which had been given to quiet the tradespeople who had supplied her with jewellery and dress. Catherine had imposed no easy task upon herself in undertaking to nurse her sister-in-law, whose proud spirit, though deeply humbled under the reverses she was suffering, vented itself in a peevish irritability. Upon Juliet the change of circumstances had a similar effect; but her parents were, to their great satisfaction, speedily relieved from her presence. A dowager lady of rank, the only one amongst their titled connexions who deigned to notice them in their adversity, offered to receive her into her family as her companion. Being tolerably well acquainted with her character, Juliet knew beforehand that, in this capacity, she would have to humour all her whims, and attend her at all hours, however unreasonable; that she must never presume to contradict her; and, moreover, think it sufficient remuneration to live in a noble mansion, to ride out with her occasionally in her carriage, to wear her cast-off apparel, and to be allowed to sit in her drawing-room even when she received visitors. To the false views of the young lady this splendid slavery appeared more desirable than her present home or anything else she

was likely to meet with. She would thus, she thought, retain her position in society as a gentlewoman, and to attain this end she was willing to make any sacrifice. Lady Beaumont, it was true, assumed a patronising air, and would doubtless boast amongst her acquaintances of how benevolently she had acted in protecting one of the daughters of poor Mrs Dudley; but galling as this idea was to her pride, it did not influence her so as to induce her to decline the offer. Upon the mind of Theodora the ruin of her family effected different results: her eyes became suddenly opened to the hollow and false system they had pursued, and, admiring the true dignity which characterised her excellent aunt, she made the determination that she would herself commence a similar course. 'Will you allow me to become your pupil?' she one day earnestly asked when Miss Dudley had been speaking of the young ladies who were under her care; 'I have been educated at a school where they professed to teach *everything*, but I fear that I have yet to learn almost everything that is *useful*.'

'Most gladly will I receive you as a pupil, my dear Theodora, if you are really desirous to become such,' her aunt made answer: 'you are yet young, and I confidently expect to see you, in a year or two, sufficiently proficient to obtain an honourable independence for yourself, if that be your desire.'

'It is, indeed it is,' the young lady warmly responded. 'I have misapplied the word independence too often; I now wish to redeem the error by putting it to its right use—not in word only, but by my actions.'

'That is a noble resolve, my dear girl,' Miss Dudley exclaimed—'a resolve which does you credit, especially at your age, and I prophesy that you will reap a noble reward.'

Catherine did not leave the metropolis till she had seen her brother and his wife settled in a small house which suited their altered circumstances, and the latter convalescent. Had Henry Dudley been willing to accept of a clerkship which was offered to him, he might have afforded a superior and more comfortable residence; but the indolent habits he had contracted in youth, and so long indulged in, now made the thought of any exertion unbearable. He preferred, therefore, to descend to a more humble station, galling as it was to their pride, which we grieve to say was yet unsubdued. Their love for display was still the same; but they were compelled to gratify it at less cost, and in a circle less refined. Here we must leave them, regretting that we cannot tell of a moral change having been effected, and follow the youngest daughter to the home of her worthy aunt. Miss Dudley would have generously received her niece under her roof as a pupil without the slightest remuneration, but Theodora positively refused to accept an asylum on such terms. That would not, she said, be commencing a career of independence; her aunt had already suffered enough from her regard for them; and she was determined that she would make some return for the trouble she gave, by imparting such knowledge as she possessed to the younger pupils; and when capable of undertaking a situation, that she would further repay her by degrees from the proceeds. As her niece would on no other terms consent to become an inmate of the seminary, Miss Dudley was obliged to acquiesce. A warm friendship now commenced between the members of Thomas Dudley's family and their London cousin, a thing little expected by either party a few months previously. Kate, especially, who was nearly the same age, became fondly attached to her, and the affection was returned with equal ardour.

'I'll venture to say, Theodora, that you were never so happy after having spent a day in trifling conversation and useless pursuits as you now feel,' Miss Dudley one evening said, addressing her niece when she had been a few months beneath her roof.

'You are quite correct in your assertion, my dear aunt,' was the young lady's reply.

'The true enjoyment of ease can only be experienced by those who have been usefully occupied,' her preceptress rejoined; 'and this is the reason why we so often hear persons who are without any positive occupation talking of *killing time*, as it is called.'

'Ah, poor mamma often used that expression when she took up a novel to while away the hours between her morning calls and her evening parties,' Theodora observed with a sigh.

'But you, my dear girl, will never, I hope, be so dependent on others for your pleasures,' the elder lady resumed. 'Your parents have taught you a sad lesson, from which you may profit through life. Yes,' she energetically added, 'I trust that their experience has led you to discriminate between the false and merely nominal independence they boasted, and the upright, straightforward course which, however humble, produces self-respect, and is alone deserving of being thus designated.'

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

In our notice of the United States' Exploring Expedition, conducted by Commander Wilkes, some particulars were given of the sea-board surveys of Oregon and California. We have now before us an account of two overland expeditions, undertaken, at the command of the American government, by Captain Fremont, to explore the country lying between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and the territories of Oregon and North California, with a view to complete and connect the surveys from the last post on the eastern side of the mountains with those accomplished by the naval officers on the shores of the Pacific.* When the third expedition, now on its way, shall have accomplished its object, our knowledge of the enormous slope of country on either side of the dividing range will be proportionately extended, and a great chasm in geographical and topographical science be filled up.

The report is accompanied by useful maps of the whole region, in which the various positions are laid down from careful astronomical observations. Some of these are in profile, displaying the rise and fall of the surface, both east and west of the mountains, for a distance of four thousand miles, which cannot fail of proving highly serviceable in the future settlement of the countries in question. Many valuable contributions have likewise been made to geological and botanical science.

A trading station near the mouth of the Kansas river was fixed on as the preparatory rendezvous of the party, which consisted of the leader, Captain Fremont; Mr Preuss, a German; assistant topographer; two youths, one only twelve years of age, son of Senator Benton; twenty-one Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, engaged at St Louis; Maxwell, a hunter; and Kit Carson, the guide. They were all well armed, and, in addition, had eight carts drawn by mules, containing the stores, baggage, and instruments; besides a few loose horses and oxen.

They leave the station under the guidance of an Indian, who conducted them through the belt of wood bordering the Kansas, and consigned them to the ocean-like expanse of prairie stretching far away to the foot of the mountains. One hundred miles farther they arrive at the ford of the Kansas, and find the river swollen with the rain, sweeping along turbid and rough as the Mississippi. The men and animals swam across, and the carts being unloaded and taken to pieces, were all safely carried over in an India-rubber boat, with the exception of the last load, which was pitched into the river. Everything was, however, recovered, save a bag of sugar and another of coffee. The loss of the latter was a constant source of regret in their subsequent campings throughout the journey. Halting for some days on this spot, to dry and repack their baggage, a

* Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the Years 1843-44. By Captain Fremont. Washington: 1845.

bird and snake fight was witnessed. 'In the steep bank of the river here were nests of innumerable swallows, into one of which a large prairie snake had got about half his body, and was occupied in eating the young birds. The old ones were flying about in great distress, darting at him, and vainly endeavouring to drive him off. A shot wounded him, and being killed, he was cut open, and eighteen young swallows were found in his body.'

The party are now fairly in the Indian country; powder is served out to the men, and they prepare for the chances of a prairie life. The vegetation of these boundless plains is in many parts particularly attractive. 'Everywhere the rose is met with, and reminds us of cultivated gardens and civilisation. It is scattered over the prairies in small bouquets, and, when glittering in the dews and waving in the pleasant breeze of the early morning, is the most beautiful of the prairie flowers. The *artemisia*, or prairie sage, glitters like silver as the southern breeze turns up its leaves to the sun. All these plants have their insect inhabitants, variously coloured, taking generally the hue of the flower on which they live. The *artemisia* has its small fly accompanying it through every change of elevation and latitude; and wherever the *asclepias tuberosa* is seen, it has on the flower a large butterfly, so nearly resembling it in colour, as to be distinguishable at a little distance only by the motion of the wings.' The explorers fall in with a party of emigrants slowly toiling on their way to the distant Oregon: death had been amongst them, and they were weary with sickness and sorrow. And now, for the first time, they post sentinels round their encampment at night. The next day at dinner they were startled by the cry, 'Strangers—strangers!' Immediately every man seized his weapon, the horses were driven in, and preparations made to receive the intruders, who, however, proved to be a party of traders going down to St Louis. Unable to navigate their canoes on the shallow waters of the Platte, they had made a *cache* (a hide) of all the baggage they could not carry on their shoulders, and were completing the journey on foot.

The travellers next reach the buffalo-grounds. At a distance, Mr Preuss, who was sketching, had taken the herds for large groves of timber. 'In the sight of such a mass of life the traveller feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard, from a distance, a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker.' A spirited chase ensues, in which the captain, Kit Carson, and Maxwell, charge full speed on a herd of seven or eight hundred of these noble animals. The former describes—'My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the west under the name of Proveau, and with eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, when, rising in the stirrups, I fired. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands at some distance below I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of smoke curled away from his gun.' The herd make for the hills, and the captain again dashes after them, but is in turn charged by six bulls, from which he escapes; and after a long run, reins up his horse in dangerous quarters—a village of prairie dogs, whose holes covered the ground for an extent of two miles, from which he was glad to retreat as quickly as possible, and rejoin the main body, just visible like a dark line moving slowly over the distant prairie.

On the 4th of July they halted earlier than usual, to celebrate the anniversary of their national independence. Wood being scarce, fires were kindled of dried cow-dung, or *bois de vache*, as it is familiarly called by the voyageurs. A feast was prepared, heightened with all the delicacies at their command, and eaten with true prairie appetite. So delighted were the Indians with the entertainment, that they inquired if the 'medicine days came often.' Soon after this merry-making, the party are attacked by a band of three hundred mounted Indians, who came speeding down upon them from a range of low hills. They tore the covers off their rifles, and were just about to fire, when Maxwell recognised the leading Indian, and shouted to him, in the native language, 'You're a fool—don't you know me?' The savage wheeled on the instant, and again came forward, striking his breast, and exclaiming 'Arapaho!' the name of the tribe. This recognition was most fortunate for the exploring party, which, so great was the inequality of numbers, would most likely have been cut off to a man. The hunter had lived among the Indians as a trader; and the savages, although disappointed of a prize of scalps, crowded round with shouts and yells, and after the first surprise was over, invited the travellers to their lodges, where they regaled them plentifully with buffalo flesh, of which they were then collecting their annual supply.

Advancing westwards, the party learn that the Sioux Indians are out in full force, declaring war against every living thing venturing on their territories. At this intelligence the greatest alarm prevailed among the voyageurs, many of whom were for turning back; but some five or six of the bravest avowing their determination to stand by Captain Fremont to the farthest point of his journey, the others felt ashamed of their cowardice, and consented to proceed. Their route lay by the base of a mound on which stands the 'Chimney Rock,' 200 feet in height, rising like a shot tower or huge factory chimney, and visible from a distance of thirty miles. The material of which it is composed is an earthy limestone, that crumbles away rapidly in tempestuous weather. Former travellers describe it as 500 feet in height.

At Fort Laramie, we are informed, the American Fur Company discountenance the traffic in ardent spirits with the Indians, while they are obliged to resort to it in order to compete successfully with the itinerant traders, '*coureurs de bois*,' who travel about the country with no other merchandise than a keg of liquor, which they sell at thirty-six dollars the gallon; caring little what becomes of the unfortunate natives, provided they secure a good stock of furs and skins. At this place the tidings of the warlike attitude of the Indians became more alarming; a large band of Sioux had set off a day or two previously on the trail of the Oregon emigrants, vowing to avenge the loss of some of their own tribe by a general massacre. Captain Fremont assembled his men, and acquainted them with the state of affairs, when all but one declared their willingness to go forward. They were just leaving, when a deputation of chiefs arrived with a letter, written by the interpreter who was to be their guide for the next 150 miles, explaining that the young warriors who were out would assuredly murder the whole of the party. The captain, however, laughed at this attempt to detain him; and starting at once, the explorers soon lost sight of the last habitation of white men east of the Rocky Mountains.

The ordinary difficulties of the route were greatly increased by an unusual drought; grasshoppers swarmed over the scorched hills, and devoured every particle of vegetation; no fodder remained for the horses, and game was rarely met with. The interpreter, with his Indian attendant, left the party, who then made a *cache* of their carts and every other object not absolutely essential to their progress. The herds of goats peculiar to the mountains were now seen for the first time: their horns are three feet in length, and seventeen inches in diameter at the base. The whole surface of the ground was strewed with rocks of gneiss, mica slate, and white granite. Cacti, which, lower down, were abundant, gave place to asters and mosses; and at last, much to their surprise, the party find themselves at the summit of the celebrated South Pass—the great highway over the

mountains to Oregon. 'It in no manner,' writes Captain Fremont, 'resembles the passes to which the term is so commonly applied; nothing of the gorge-like character and winding ascents of the Alleghany passes in America—nothing of the Great St Bernard and Simplon passes in Europe. Approaching it from the mouth of the Sweet Water, a sandy plain, 120 miles long, conducts, by a gradual and regular ascent, to the summit, about 7000 feet above the sea; and the traveller, without being reminded of any change by toilsome slopes, suddenly finds himself on the waters which flow to the Pacific Ocean.'

While descending on the western side, the last barometer is broken; and taking into consideration the value of such an instrument to the scientific objects of the expedition, we can sympathise with the captain's regret at the accident. 'It was,' he tells us, 'the only one. A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory; and now their snowy peaks rose majestically before me, and the only means of giving them authentically to science—the object of my anxious solicitude by night and day—was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snow of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp—all had seen my anxiety, and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a theme of constant discussion among them; and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be true as the sun, should stand upon the summits, and decide their disputes. Their grief was only inferior to my own.' On examination, however, a portion only of the cistern was found to be broken; and as no air had crept into the tube, the captain, after two days' labour, and many disappointing efforts, succeeded in repairing the barometer with part of a powder-horn and a fragment of skin, and, much to his satisfaction, found its readings as accurate as before the accident.

The party continued on the western side of the range, desirous to explore its whole length, a distance of forty miles, which includes the head waters of four great American rivers—the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte—and return to their *cache* on the eastern slope. But they were opposed by formidable difficulties: the men became dispirited, and anxious to leave the dangerous country. In these circumstances a camp was formed in a well-protected position, and left in charge of one of the most trustworthy men, while the captain, with fifteen others, made an attempt to reach the highest peak of the range known as the Wind River Mountains. The ground on their line of march, while forming scenery of the most picturesque and sublime description, presented insurmountable obstacles, and frequently the whole band were in danger of losing their lives on the frozen precipices of the snowy and rocky defiles. At length the highest peak was attained—a narrow, slippery crest, not more than three feet in width. Here the captain relates—'As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn, for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag, to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except a small sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

'It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilisation. A moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18,293, giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee.'

The hardy adventurers returned in safety to the camp, and the whole party then recrossed the mountains on their homeward journey. On reaching the shores of the Platte, which river the captain had been instructed to survey, they again divided—the greater number continuing their march by land, while the leader embarked in the India-rubber boat with Mr Preuss and five picked men. The stream, swollen by recent rains, bore them rapidly onwards; and after descending a few miles, a hollow and ominous roar is heard. They were approaching the first of a series of gorges, or *canons*,* extending for a distance of several miles, down which the river makes a descent altogether of 300 feet. The first three cataracts were passed in safety, and, emboldened by success, the party dashed at the next, which plunged furiously down between frightful crags, varying from 300 to 500 feet in height. Three men were landed, to climb over the rocks, and hold the boat in check by a rope attached to the stern; but two of them losing their hold, the third was dragged into the water, and away shot the slight vessel, swift as an arrow, towing the unfortunate voyageur at the extremity of the line. A mile below, the boat was forced into an eddy, and the man, who had bravely retained his presence of mind, was taken on board. The succeeding falls appeared still more formidable than those already passed; but it was as impossible to go back, as to climb the perpendicular rocks which walled the stream. The only alternative was to descend. Taking the short paddles in their hands, the party, for additional security, placed themselves on their knees, with the most skilful boatman at the bow, confident in the elastic material of the frail bark. On they went into the dash and foam of the roaring chasm, clearing rock after rock as they shot through the blinding spray, their little vessel sporting apparently with the angry waters. Flushed with the danger and excitement, they broke unanimously into a boatman's chorus, which they were chanting at the top of their voices, when the boat struck a concealed rock at the foot of a fall, and whirled the whole party into the water.

After a little buffetting with the eddies, they all scrambled on shore, when the disastrous results of the accident became fully apparent. 'For a hundred yards below,' writes the captain, 'the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. For a moment I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books, almost every record of the journey, our journals, and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations, had been lost in an instant. But it was no time to indulge in regrets, and I immediately set about endeavouring to save something from the wreck. Of everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoteaux had caught and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank, while Mr Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on; and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped

* In Spanish pronounced *kanyon*; signifying a tunnel or hollow way.

on the boat alone, and continued down the *canon*. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty.'

A mile and a half lower down, where fallen rocks choked the bed of the river, the greater part of the missing objects were fortunately recovered. The day was fast declining, and it became of the highest necessity to endeavour to overtake the land party, for the baffled navigators were equally without weapons and provisions. After great exertions, they succeeded in scaling the precipitous cliffs, and at nightfall happily rejoined the other division.

The travellers soon after arrived at one of the United States frontier stations, and were again in comparative safety; and on the 1st of October, after a four months' absence, embarked on the Missouri. The voyageurs returned to their homes at St Louis; and by the end of the same month Captain Fremont 'reported himself' to the officers of the government at Washington.

[An account of Captain Fremont's second expedition will be given in a subsequent number.]

FEMALE INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

So much has been said of late about the want of employment in Ireland, that a few words concerning the industry of the most dependent portion of the population—the women—may not be unacceptable. An Irish wife of the humbler classes is usually known to the traveller in the provinces as a desolate-looking slattern, with a troop of dirty and idle children at her heels; but if he will only take time to go beyond the external phenomena of the road-side, in various cases, we can assure him, he will be presented with a picture of a very different kind. The cheaper sorts of blonde lace sold in England are the production of Ireland; and not only do the plain *French* cambric handkerchiefs come in great part from the looms of the latter country, but much of the embroidery on the expensive descriptions of these articles is executed in the huts of the Irish villagers, or in the garrets of the towns and cities.

For the present, however, we would direct attention to the manufacture of an imitation of point lace, commenced in the county Limerick, as presenting matter of congratulation to the philanthropist, as well as of imitation to the landed gentry. A benevolent lady at Currah Chase, by way of providing employment for the poor girls of her neighbourhood at those times when they have nothing to do in the house or the field, has established a lace school in one of the lodges of her own park. In fine weather the young women take out their work, and sit under the trees; and thus seem to convert a business into an amusement peculiarly fitted for their sex. But it is really a business of considerable importance both to themselves and their families. It interferes with no duty, and with no task; it merely fills up time that would otherwise be vacant or misemployed; and it enables them not only to dress as neatly as English girls of the same station, but to provide their huts with food at that unhappy period of the year when, even in ordinary seasons, the Irish peasant has little else to live on than his *hopes* of the ripening crop of potatoes.

The lace is sewed upon muslin or net, and afterwards cut out; and so expert have the girls become, that the second prize for needlework was adjudged to one of their specimens at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society's show at Limerick. As a higher honour still, it may be mentioned that the queen of the Belgians—the queen of point lace—during her late visit to England, selected from the stock of a London lace-seller a shawl worked at the Currah Chase school.

When we say that the average number of work-girls here is only thirty, and that the proprietress shows no disposition to enhance either prices or wages, but appears resolved to continue the little manufactory on its original plan, as a mere resource against idleness, and its concomitant want, we shall not be supposed to have any wish to exaggerate its importance as a branch of the national industry. We would merely hold it up as an example and encouragement to the good and gentle of the Irish ladies. There are many other employments for which their sex is fit. There are many which, from their nature, will long escape the rivalry of machinery. We have seen in Russia, for instance, the richest specimens of embroidery on velvet, executed in the huts of the peasantry, and competing successfully in the market with the productions of the town manufactories. But even in lace alone much more might be done in Ireland than there is at present; and the materials are so cheap, that any benevolent person, with ever so bare an independence, might establish a Currah Chase school. The good effected would of itself be a sufficient reward; but in the instance we have now brought to notice, the kind lady of the Chase has received a token of gratitude which must have touched her heart and filled her eyes. The poor girls, by working at extra hours, and lavishing all their skill upon the task, produced a *chef-d'œuvre* in point lace, and presented it as a gift to their benefactress.

It is well known that in several of the continental countries the manufacture of thread lace is an unfailing resource for the women; and in Normandy, more especially, we have been both surprised and amused by a peep into the workshop of the hamlet. The business is usually carried on during the night, for in the daytime the stout Norman lasses work like men or horses in the field; and the place of meeting is the cow-house, where the sweet breath of the 'milky mothers' keeps them warm. They have all, besides, their own chaufferettes (little boxes pierced with holes, and enclosing a pan of live cinders), on which they rest their feet as they sit around a little round table. This table has but one lamp for the whole circle; but each is provided with a white glass bottle filled with clear water, which reflects the light upon her work as well as if she had one to her own share. Oh the joyous laugh! oh the buoyant song! oh the wild railleries that fill the midnight cow-house! till, tired at length both of work and merriment, the light-hearted girls withdraw to their huts and their beds, from which the sun is to rouse them in a few hours to another course of toil and enjoyment.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

The Rosicrucians are a sect very little known. The notices relating to them and their peculiar doctrines, which are scattered in the pages of encyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, and histories of philosophy, are exceedingly meagre and imperfect; but as, with all their wildness and absurdity, they have left some traces upon the legendary and poetical literature of Europe, a few particulars about them may not be uninteresting.

As a sect, they first appeared in the early part of the seventeenth century. At this period the most fearful and degrading superstitions prevailed over Europe. Devils were supposed to walk the earth, and to mingle in the affairs of men; evil spirits, in the opinion even of the wise and learned, were thought to be at the call of any one who would summon them with the proper formalities; and witches were daily burned in all the capitals of Europe. The new sect taught a superstition less repulsive. They sprang up in Germany, extended with some success to France and England, and excited many angry controversies. Though as far astray in their notions as the Demonologists and witch believers, their creed was more graceful. They taught that the elements swarmed not with hideous, foul, and revengeful spirits, but with beautiful creatures, more ready to do man service than to inflict injury. They taught that the earth was inhabited by Gnomes, the air by Sylphs, the fire by Salamanders, and the water by Nymphs or Undines; and that man, by his communication with them, might learn the secrets of nature, and discover all those things which had puzzled philosophers for ages—Perpetual Motion, the Elixir of Life, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Essence

of Invisibility. They were assailed with all the shafts of ridicule: the philosophers laughed at notions scarcely more fantastic, but more novel than their own; and the alchymists were obstinate in seeking their chimera after their own fashion.

The Rosicrucians derived their name from Christian Rosencreütz, their supposed founder, who died in 1484. He is said to have bound his disciples, by solemn oaths, to keep his doctrine secret for one hundred and twenty years after his burial. Certain it is they were never heard of under this name until the year 1604, when they first began to excite attention in Germany. Michael Meyer, an alchymist, and a physician of repute, was the first person of any note who lent the authority of his name to the promulgation of their tenets. He published at Cologne, in 1615, a work entitled 'Themis Aurea, hoc est de legibus Fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis,' which purported to contain all the laws and ordinances of the brotherhood. From this it appeared that, by perfect temperance and chastity, they expected to hold converse with the elemental spirits; that they could render themselves invisible; draw gold and jewels from the bowels of the earth by incantation; be subject neither to disease nor death; and subsist without eating or drinking! They also laid claim to the power of foretelling all events, and of curing all diseases; and asserted that they possessed all wisdom and knowledge in a supreme degree. But beyond the confines of Cologne, Frankfort, and some other German cities, the name of the sect was not much known until the year 1623, when some of the brethren suddenly made their appearance in Paris, and frightened the good people of that capital from their propriety. On the 3d of March in that year, the following placard was stuck upon the walls, but how it came there nobody could tell:—

'We, the deputies of the principal college of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, towards whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without any books or symbols whatever, and we speak all sorts of languages in the countries wherein we deign to dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error, and to save them from death.'

It is possible that this placard was but a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of some wits who desired to mystify the citizens. However this may be, it excited very considerable alarm, especially amongst the clergy; and various pamphlets were published to warn the pious against the dangerous heresies of the sect. One was called 'A History of the Frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the Pretended Invisibles, with their Damnable Instructions, the Deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their Miserable End.' The other, which affected to know a great deal more about the matter, and to be deeply initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity, was entitled 'An Examination of the New Cabala of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, who have lately come to reside in the city of Paris, with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other particulars.' These tracts and others excited very great curiosity; and it is known, upon the contemporary authority of the *Mercure de France*, that a popular panic was excited by the fear of this mysterious sect, none of whose members had ever been seen. It was believed that the Rosicrucians could transport themselves from place to place with the rapidity of volition, and that they took delight in cheating and tormenting unhappy citizens, especially such as had sinned against chastity. The most absurd stories about them were daily reported, and found listeners. An innkeeper asserted that a mysterious stranger entered his inn, regaled himself on his best, and suddenly vanished in a cloud when the reckoning was presented. Another had been served as scurvy a trick by a similar stranger, who lived upon the choicest fare, and drunk the best wines of his house for a week, and paid him with a handful of new gold coins, which turned into slates on the following morning. It was also said that several persons on awakening in the middle of the night found individuals in their bed-chambers, who suddenly became invisible, though still palpable, when the alarm was raised. Such was the consternation in Paris, that every man who could not give a satisfactory account of himself was in danger of being pelted to death; and quiet citizens slept with loaded muskets at their bedside, to take vengeance upon any Rosicrucian who might violate the sanctity of their chambers.

In the midst of the alarm another placard appeared, as mysterious as the first, notifying to the world that the most persevering curiosity of the profane and ignorant would fail in discovering the Rosicrucians who were then in Paris, but that any person who had a devout respect for them, and a sincere desire to embrace their tenets, had only to form a wish to know them, and the wish would be gratified. A good deal of controversy was thus excited, which lasted about two years, when the Rosicrucians ceased to be spoken of in France. In the meantime various swindlers in the capital and elsewhere pretended to the character, and succeeded in duping some credulous people of their jewels, on the promise of charming fifty times the quantity for them out of the recesses of the earth. Two or three of these fellows were caught, and suffered punishment. Driven for a while from France, the Rosicrucian *philosophy*—for such it was called—found believers and preachers in Holland, England, and Italy. The most celebrated in the former country was Peter Mormius, an alchymist. In England, the high priest of the doctrine was one Dr Fludd, or, as he loved to call himself, Robertus à Fluctibus. This man had very strange notions upon medicine, which he had studied chiefly in the pages of Paracelsus. He warmly embraced the Rosicrucian creed; boasted of his intercourse with the elementary spirits, with whom he had conversations far surpassing those of Dr Dee with the angels; asserted that he could live without food for a couple of centuries, or until it pleased him to die; and that he could render himself invisible, and turn all metals into gold. He was succeeded by Eugene Philalethes and John Heydon. The latter was an attorney, who wrote three works on the Rosicrucian mysteries, one called 'The Wise Man's Crown, or the Glory of the Rosie Cross;' the second, 'The Holy Guide, leading the way to Art and Nature, with the Rosie Cross uncovered;' and the third, 'A New Method of Rosicrucian Physic, by John Heydon, the Servant of God, and the Secretary of Nature.' In his preface to the last-mentioned work, he maintains that Moses was the real founder of the Rosicrucians, and that he was followed by Elijah and Ezekiel, from whom the secrets of the fraternity were transmitted in succession to Christian Rosencreütz. The most pious of the brethren—those who religiously abstained from marriage, from eating and drinking, and all unchastity—could, he said, hold delightful communion when they pleased not only with the elementary spirits that pervaded the universe, but with the holy angels, and the disembodied souls of good men; they could, like Proteus, assume any shape, and were endowed with the power of working miracles; could slack the plague in cities, calm the whirlwind, allay the violence of the storm, and transport themselves to and fro in the universe with the rapidity of the imagination. He maintained that it was criminal to eat (he did not abstain from the criminal practice himself), and asserted that if men, in general, would take proper precautions to purify the air, they would find there was a 'fine fatness' in it, quite sufficient for their nourishment. Some men, however, had such voracious appetites, as to require more substantial nutriment; but it might easily be procured even for them, without the necessity of defiling their mouths by food. A cataplasm of cooked meats, or savoury pies, placed upon the epigastrium, would be quite sufficient for the hungriest persons; and would, besides, never subject them to the dangers of an indigestion. But the most illustrious Rosicrucian

was Joseph Francis Borri, who appeared shortly after the time of Heydon, and in his work entitled 'La Chiave del Gabinetto del Signor Borri,' left that record of their tenets to which the world is mainly indebted for all its knowledge of the subject. Without his aid, their wild fancies would have sunk into oblivion, and a portion of their doctrines only would have been remembered in the pages of the poets. His work, several years after his death, fell into the hands of the Abbé de Rillars, who founded upon it his cabalistic romance, 'The Count de Gabalis,' which is now the text-book from whence we derive our principal acquaintance with the origin of a creed which has spread its ramifications into various parts of Europe, and taken, in many countries, a firm hold upon the popular mind. The book of the Abbé excited great attention. It was the Rosicrucian doctrine divested of its contradictions and the greatest of its absurdities; a romance in which the author preserved all the poetry of the sect, and rejected their wild notions about food and digestion, and gave the whole exposition to the world in a fiction remarkable for the elegance of its style and the grace of its imagination. A few extracts will show its nature and its spirit.

In the second conversation between the Count de Gabalis and his interlocutor, the former says, 'When you are enrolled among the number of the children of philosophy, and when your eyes are strengthened by the use of our most holy medicine, you will see that all the elements are inhabited by a race of perfect creatures, which are concealed from the general eye of humanity in consequence of the sin of Adam. That immense space which lies between the earth and heaven has inhabitants far more noble than the birds and flies. The vast seas have other dwellers than whales and dolphins; the depths of the earth are not for the moles alone; and the element of fire, nobler by far than the other three, was not made to remain void and uninhabited.

'The air is filled with an innumerable multitude of beings in human shape—proud and majestic in their appearance, but very mild in reality. They are great lovers of science, subtle, fond of rendering service to the wise, but great enemies of the foolish and the ignorant. . . . The seas and the rivers are inhabited in like manner. The ancient sages named these people the Undines, or the Nymphs. The males are few among them, but the females are in great number. Their beauty is extreme, and the daughters of man cannot be compared to them. The earth is filled almost to the centre with Gnomes—people smaller in stature, who guard the treasures of the mines, and keep watch over precious stones. These are very ingenious, very friendly to man, and easy to command. They furnish the children of philosophy (the Rosicrucians) with all the money they require, and think themselves sufficiently rewarded by our friendship. The Gnomides, their females, are small, but very beautiful and agreeable, and their dress is very curious. As regards the Salamanders, inhabitants of the fire, they also render service to the children of philosophy, but do not seek their company so eagerly as the others; and their wives and daughters are very rarely seen by mortal eyes. . . . They are by far the most beautiful of the elementary spirits, being compounded of the most subtile and beautiful of all the elements. By becoming a member of our fraternity, you will be enabled to see and converse with all these glorious multitudes; you will see their mode of life, their manners, and make acquaintance with their admirable laws. You will be charmed by the graces of their mind, much more than with the beauty of their body; but you will not be able to refrain from sorrow and pity for their miserable fate, when you learn that their soul is mortal, and that they have no hope of eternal felicity in the presence of that Supreme Being whom they know, and whom they religiously adore. They will tell you that, being composed of the purest particles of the element they inhabit, and having within them no opposite and antagonist qualities, being made but of one element, they live for thousands of years. But what is time, however great, to eternity? They must return into nothingness at last; and this thought embitters their existence, and we have great difficulty in consoling them. Our fathers the philosophers (the founders of the Rosicrucian doctrine) speaking to God in their prayers, remembered the sorrow of the elemental people, and interceded for them; and God, whose mercy is without limits, revealed to them that the evil is not without a remedy. He inspired them with the knowledge that as man, by the alliance of holiness which he contracts with his Maker, may be made a participator in the divinity, so may the Sylphs, the Gnomes, the Nymphs, and the Salamanders, by contracting an alliance with man, be made participators in man's immortality. Thus, a Nymph or a Sylphide becomes immortal, and has a soul like man, if she can inspire one of us with love towards her; thus a Sylph or a Gnome ceases to be mortal, if one of the daughters of man will consent to marry him. And oh, my son,' continued the Count de Gabalis, 'admire the felicity of the Rosicrucians! Instead of women, whose charms wither in a few short years, and are followed by ghastly wrinkles, we ally ourselves with beauties whose charms never fade away, and whom we have the glory and happiness of rendering immortal. You may imagine the love and the gratitude of these invisible mistresses towards us, and with what zeal and assiduity they seek to please us who have conferred upon them the unspeakable privilege of an immortal soul. The most beautiful woman the world ever saw is ugliness itself in comparison with the least fascinating of the Sylphides.'

In succeeding interviews the Count de Gabalis further explains to his interlocutor the nature and pursuits of the elementary spirits; asserts that it was they only, and not the vile gods of the Greeks and Romans, that delivered the oracles of old; that they continually kept watch over man to do him service, and to warn him of approaching evil. It was they who sent omens, and furnished him with the understanding to interpret them, and who filled his mind with presentiments when some great calamity was impending over him, that he might perchance avoid it. They also sent him dreams for the regulation of his fate. 'But, alas!' continues the count, 'men ignorantly misunderstand and reject their kindness. A poor Sylph hardly dares to show himself lest he should be mistaken for an imp of evil; an Undine cannot endeavour to acquire an immortal soul, by loving a man, without running the risk of being considered a vile impure phantom; and a Salamander, if he shows himself in his glory, is taken for a devil, and the pure light which surrounds him considered the fire of hell. It is in vain that, to dispel these unworthy suspicions, they make the sign of the cross when they appear, and bend their knees when the Divine name is uttered. All their efforts are useless. Obstinate man persists in considering them enemies of that God whom they know, and whom they adore more religiously than men do. The prayer which you will find preserved by Porphyre, and which was offered up in the Temple of Delphos for the enlightenment of the Pagans, was the prayer of a Salamander.' In short, without continuing to quote the words of the Count de Gabalis, he asserted that all the supernatural appearances with which the history of every age and nation was full, were to be, and could only be, explained by the agency of these elemental sprites; that the deeds attributed to devils, imps, and witches were the creations of a false and degrading superstition, unworthy to be believed by philosophers. They were no fiends with

> —'aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,'

but beneficent spirits, the friends of man. The *peris* of eastern romance, the *fées*, the *fatas*, and the *fairies* of European legends, were names which, in their ignorance, the people of different countries had given to the

Sylphs. Vulcan, Bacchus, and Pan, though the Greeks did not know it, were Gnomes; Neptune and Venus, and all the Naiads and Nereids, were but the Undines of the Rosicrucians; Apollo was a Salamander, and Mercury a Sylph; and not one of the personages of the multifarious mythology of the Greeks and Romans but could be ranged under one or other of these classes. The means taken by these spirits—the guardian angels of the popular creed—to warn those to whom they attached themselves of evil, were various; and very often those whose ignorance led them to disregard their intimations, were left to perish in their blindness. They also prevented others, if they could, from doing evil to their wards, of which several instances are related by the count.—(*To be concluded in next number.*)

KRETTEL.

A GERMAN STORY.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rottweil, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself: housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good-humoured German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch the minister, their host, and some neighbours who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighbouring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was little more than a gun-shot from the inn-door: it was a tradition, unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before-mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his goodwife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn-door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unloosed the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn-yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to its saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighbouring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant-maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by when there came a knock at the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little. Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length: at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant-girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but, on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol-handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close against the wall: the man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this moment, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn-door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject.

On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower storey. In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognised as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse, and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

THE VICTUALS AND DRINK OF AUTHORS.

MANY eminent men have entertained a notion that the character of individuals is, in a great degree, influenced by their diet. Hippocrates, in his celebrated 'Treatise on Diet,' endeavours to prove that all men are born with the same mental capacity, and that the difference which in after-life is discoverable in the minds of the human race, is altogether attributable to the food which they have eaten. Literary men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs. Aristotle had this organ so feeble, that he was obliged to strengthen it by the application of an aromatic oil to the region of the stomach, which never failed to impart its cordial effects by transpiring to this viscus. A respectable physician asserted that he could estimate the capacity of the mind by the delicacy of the stomach; for, in fact, according to him, you never find a man of genius who does not labour under complaints of the stomach.

Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their diet and appetites. Dr Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs, that he died, in 1566, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr Parr confesses his love of 'hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce.' Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly, and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely, that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr Johnson had a voracious attachment to leg of mutton. 'At my aunt Ford's,' says he, 'I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten.' Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, 'If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach.' Charles Lamb was excessively partial to roast pig.

Dr George Fordyce contended that as one meal a-day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock at Dolly's chop-house. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

Ariosto was so attached to a plain and frugal mode of life, that he says of himself in one of his poems, 'that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of mankind.' His constitution was delicate and infirm; and notwithstanding his temperance and general abstemiousness, his health was often interrupted. Blaise Pascal, the famous mathematician and philosopher, having suddenly renounced his studies at the age of twenty-four, devoted himself wholly to a life of mortification and prayer. This was occasioned by his reading the works of some of those ascetic religionists who unnaturally make the height of virtue to consist in an abstinence from the enjoyment of those blessings which the Creator has provided, and strangely imagine that a self-infliction of misery is a most acceptable sacrifice to the Giver of plenty.

Thomas Tryon, the amiable author of the 'Way to Health and Long Life,' John Oswald, author of various poetical and political pamphlets, and Taylor, the translator of Porphyry's work on 'Abstinence from Animal Food' (1823), refrained from eating flesh. Shelley, who had an ineffable contempt for all the sensualities of the table, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined, was of opinion that abstinence from animal food subtilises and clears the intellectual faculties. To counteract a tendency to corpulency, Lord Byron at one period dined four days in the week on fish and vegetables, and even stinted himself to a pint of claret. Though his sensuality returned now and then, and tempted him to eat of a great variety of dishes, yet he succeeded in reducing his rotundity. but with it shrunk his cheek and his calf. Liston the comedian was from infancy averse to animal food and strong drink; water was his habitual drink, and his food was little beyond the mast and beech-nuts of his favourite groves at Charnwood. This kind of diet, however favourable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, is but ill adapted to the minds and bodies of the present generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues; and it was so in the case of young Liston, who was subject to strange visions. Benjamin Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food. 'I hesitated some time,' he says, 'between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when a cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a *rational animal*, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do!' When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his 'Principia,' he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water and vegetable diet. Kühl the naturalist was remarkably moderate in regard to food: on his journeys, he required nothing more to allay hunger and thirst than dry bread, with milk and water, provided he could attain the object to which all his labours were directed—the extension of his knowledge.

Sheridan, who usually wrote at night with several candles burning around him, needed the excitement of wine when engaged in composition. 'If an idea be reluctant,' he would sometimes say, 'a glass of port ripens it, and it bursts forth; if it come freely, a glass of port is a glorious reward for it.' He is related to have written his play of Pizarro over claret and sandwiches in Drury Lane theatre. Otway gave himself up early to drinking; carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving for a month in an alehouse on Tower Hill. Helius Eobanus, the celebrated Latin poet, who was born in 1488, took great credit to himself for being a hard drinker, and would challenge any man as to the quantity of liquor which he could drink. In a contest of this kind his antagonist fell dead on the floor. Froissart, according to his own confession, 'took great pleasure in

drinking and fair array, in jousts, dances, late vigils, and, for my better repose, a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine, mingled with spice.' Anthony à Wood tells us that, when Prynne studied, 'his custom was to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella, to defend them from too much light, and seldom eating any dinner. He would be every three hours munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale.' Fielding, the author of 'Tom Jones,' sought consummate bliss in glasses of brandy and water. Brathwayte, in his poem called 'Times' Curtaine' (1621), declares that

'Some say I drinke too much to write good lines,
Indeed I drink more to observe the times,
And for the love I bear unto my friend,
To hold him chat than any other end.
Yea, my observance tells me I have got
More by discoursing sometimes o'er the pot,
Than if I had good fellowship forsooke,
And spent that houre in poring on a booke.'

Mr Thomas Moore is of opinion, that

'If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.'

The late Major Morris expresses the same questionable creed in the following harmonious lines:—

'Old Horace, when he dipped his pen,
'Twas wine he had resort to;
He chose for use Falernian juice,
As I choose old Oporto:
At every bout an ode came out,
Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling;
As well aware more fire was there,
Which wanted but the sprinkling.

Anacreon's harp was harsh and sharp,
Till wine had tuned his finger;
Alcæus, till he'd got his fill,
Found all his genius linger;
Old Ennius too, could nothing do,
Till bumpers made him rhymy;
And when I sing, 'tis not the thing
Unless the bottle's by me.'

The too long association of the bottle and the book is also maintained in a poem on the virtue of sack, entitled 'A Preparative to Study' (1641). Sir William Temple used to say, 'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' Medwin, writing of Lord Byron, says, 'He has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and in order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favourite Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night. He assured me that gin and water was the true Hippocrene, and the source of all his inspiration.' At Newstead Abbey, Byron had a drinking-cup formed of a skull, rimmed with silver, on the outside of which were inscribed some verses of his, beginning, 'Start not, nor deem my spirit fled.' Many blamed him for converting a human skull to such a purpose; but in this he was not singular. Mandeville speaks of a tribe of people who converted their parents' skulls into cups, from which they drank with great devotion. Massinger the dramatist also mentions such skull goblets. In Middleton's play of 'The Witch,' a duke takes a bowl of this sort from a cupboard, upon which one of his attendants exclaims, 'A skull, my lord!' which enrages the duke, who replies, 'Call it a soldier's cup! Our duchess, I know, will drink from it, though the cup was once her father's head, which, as a trophy, we will keep till death.'

Charles Lamb delighted in a draught of porter out of the pewter pot, and he would press his friends, even great men and bashful ladies, to taste the genuine article, fresh drawn at the bar of his favourite little inn at Edmonton. Coleridge observes that 'some men are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.' Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced those intemperate habits which elicited Dr Johnson's memorable remarks—'In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succour from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary!'

A celebrated modern poet being invited to dinner by a lady, requested her to provide for him some peppermint cordial and black puddings. Goldsmith's usual beverage, in 1764, was a slight decoction of sassafras, which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood; and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Dr Shaw the naturalist drank largely of green tea; till, having lost the use of one arm, he says he discontinued it, and recovered the use of the limb. Hayley was of temperate habits, drinking no other stimulant than coffee: his example induced Dr Warner to resolve on abstaining from wine and tobacco; though Hayley warned him against making so sudden a change, and expressed his opinion that the wine and tobacco had contributed to produce the doctor's excellent health and florid appearance. Warner persisted in the experiment, which very soon induced debility and a low obstinate fever, which were not subdued till he returned to London, and resumed the generous style of living which habit had rendered necessary, or which was originally suited to his constitution.

Milton used to take 'a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water' just before going to bed. He recommends

'The rule of "not too much," by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight.'

Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very complete code for life and conduct might be selected, used to say that 'greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking.' This striking and just remark is, however, only an abridgment of one by Swift, who pronounces temperance to be 'a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life.'

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It appears, from parliamentary returns, that the amount of railway capital authorised to be raised during the last session was L.90,802,550, for the purpose of constructing 4705 miles of railway—thus giving an average of L.19,299 per mile. Of this length not less than 59½ miles required to be tunnelled, being on the whole about 1¼ mile per hundred. The total quantity of land required for occupation is stated to be 53,356 acres, or nearly 11⅓ acres for every lineal mile of railway.

In a report on the sickness among the Edinburgh police, recently drawn up by the medical attendant, the effect upon the health of an ill-ventilated section-house is noticed, and furnishes an additional example of the importance of pure air, and plenty of it. The men boarded in this place were the heartiest and youngest in the force, yet the ratio of sickness among them was 351·35, while among those out of it it was only 205·59—being a difference in favour of the latter of 145·76. Out of the thirty-seven men boarded in the section-house, only one was found free from functional disorder, the prominent symptoms of which were great sensibility to cold, copious cold perspirations, constant sense of fatigue, pain in the eye-balls, and loss of appetite. Statistics will at last force upon us sound convictions.

The South Australian and Adelaide Observer communicates the important intelligence, that gold may now be reckoned among the indigenous mineral wealth of our South Australian possessions. This discovery is due to Captain Tyrell of the North Montacute mine, who found the new ore when sinking a shaft in search of copper.

'Ludwigt's Canal,' in Bavaria, by which the Rhine and Danube, and consequently the Black and North Seas are united, has been opened for a few months, and promises to be of the highest importance to commerce. A vessel can now transport its cargo from London or Rotterdam across Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Wallachia, as far as Trebisond and Constantinople, without a single shift or obstruction.

According to the most accurate estimates, no less a space than 2,830,000 acres—that is, nearly one-seventh of the entire surface of Ireland—is occupied with bog. If, however, the quantity capable of being made into turf be taken as low as 2,000,000 of acres, and at an average depth of three yards, the mass of fuel which they contain, estimated at

550 lbs. per cubic yard, when dry, amounts to the enormous sum of 6,333,666,666 tons. Taking, therefore, the value of turf, as compared with that of coal, namely, as 9 to 54, the total amount of turf fuel in Ireland is equivalent in power to above 470,000,000 tons of coal, which, at 12s. per ton, is worth above L.280,000,000 sterling.

The Canadian lakes have been computed to contain 1700 cubic miles of water, or more than half the fresh water on the globe, covering a space of about 93,000 square miles. They extend from west to east over nearly 15½ degrees of longitude, with a difference of latitude of about 8½ degrees, draining a country of not less surface than 400,000 square miles.

The annual value of the mineral produce of Great Britain, according to Mr Tennant, amounts to nearly L.25,000,000. Of this, L.9,100,000 is from coals, L.8,400,000 from iron, L.1,200,000 from copper, L.920,000 from lead, L.400,000 from salt, L.390,000 from tin, L.60,000 from manganese, L.35,000 from silver, L.22,000 from alum, L.8000 from zinc, and L.25,000 from the various other metals, as antimony, bismuth, arsenic, &c.

SAMUEL WILDERSPIN.

We copy the following from the *Daily News*, for the obvious purpose of promoting the collection of the tribute fund for Mr Wilderspin:—'Amongst pleasant recollections that have occurred at intervals for more than a quarter of a century, and been always welcome, not the least welcome has been that of our first sight of an Infant School. Very much, indeed, remains to be done for popular education; but yet so much has been done, and so many arrangements, once smiled at as "pretty in theory," have become commonplace facts, that our young readers can scarcely realise the enjoyment then experienced. It was in one of the bystreets of Spitalfields, places where few people penetrate unless they have business there, that we found some eighty or ninety children, from three or four to eight years of age, gathered together, all clean and smiling, though many might be rather ragged, in a building hung round with pictures from sacred history, learning to read with an alacrity never felt before, even in learning to play. The idea of such a school, and almost every particular of the plan pursued, was then a novelty. The chant and march were novelties. The substitution of affection and enjoyment for restraint and punishment were novelties. The gallery, with the questioning, and rapid answers, and all its excitement, were novelties. And though before that time the world had heard of the Lanark Factory School, and ranked it with the beauties of that picturesque locality, yet the growth of similar beauty in the gloom of Spitalfields was a novelty. And the best novelty of all, because containing in himself the promise of many more creations of a similar description, was the simple-minded master, with his soul in the work and his heart in his hand; the loving and the loved; the teacher and the teachable; the happy companion of the children he was guiding to happiness; and through his life, from that time to this, the founder, guide, and missionary of Infant Schools—Mr Wilderspin.

'How much of the plans, since so extensively adopted, originated with Mr Wilderspin, we cannot say, nor does it signify. Whoever invented, he gave the invention life. Whoever philosophised, he realised. His excellence was in action. Children gathered delighted around him, he being quite as much delighted as themselves. Nor has he failed, in the meekness of his wisdom, to speak of the lessons, mental and moral, learned by himself from pupils that, but for him, would have been most benighted, forlorn, rude, and perhaps criminal.

'A circular, signed by two secretaries—one at Hull, and the other at Manchester—has just reached us, which states that "An association, already strong, have resolved to seek Mr Wilderspin in his unrequited and thankless retirement, and offer him, unasked by him, a suitable tribute for his invaluable labours." The association is only discharging and inciting to the discharge of a public duty. We notice the project in the hope of promoting its success. The time will come when services of this description will be acknowledged by public honours and rewards, such as are now appropriated to military achievements. There is evidence of its approach in the responsible recognition of the worth of those services. And while various schemes are afloat, and large sums are subscribed, for benefiting the children of the poor, it is well that the talent, zeal, and disinterestedness should not be left neglected and forgotten which long ago were consecrated to that good cause. The just appreciation of a beneficent work implies grateful regard to those by whom it was originated, and who have carried it on through circumstances often of great discouragement, without "bating one joy of heart or hope." Society cannot afford to neglect its benefactors.'

THE LAST TOAST AT CABOOL.

'Drink to the hearts that beat for us!'
Long Engagements, a Tale of the Affghan Rebellion.

'Drink to the hearts that beat for us!' 'Twas thus the soldier cried,
And struggling lights and shades the while passed o'er his brow of pride;
'Drink to those lone and lovely eyes that watch for us to-night—
When morning comes we'll on, brave boys, beneath their cheering light:
Through pathless snows, and piercing winds, and blades more keen than they,
That cynosure of holy love will guide our desperate way!'

Stern fell the night on Khoord Cabool, and well those warriors slept,
Wrapped in their sheet of bloody snow! But one his vigils kept—
One of that gallant, glorious host—one—one—oh, only one!
And as he looked around and saw that he was all alone,
The only living thing except the gorged wolf by his side—
'Alas, the hearts that beat for us!' the dying soldier sighed.

But as he neared the mystic world, a new and wondrous sense
Informed his flitting soul, and far its vision darted thence:
Bright was the hall, and music made the perfumed air more sweet,
And quivering plumes and flashing gems were there, and glancing feet,
And she the lady of his love—the fairest of them all—
The idol of the throng, and queen of that gay festival!

Flushed was her cheek, and bright her smile, and flashed her eye with pride,
As ever and anon she bent her beauteous head aside,
To drink the honeyed tale from lips as graceful as her own:
But in the midst she paused—her thoughts far, far away are flown—
Till sudden with a shuddering start she turned anew to hear,
With beauty's mean and soulless pride the whisper in her ear.

The soldier raised him on his arm, and looked around once more:
A deadlier stillness had come down where all was still before;
The carrion birds had to their homes with heavy pinion hied,
And the gorged wolf, as mute as death, was sleeping by his side.
'Thank God, I am alone, and here!' he said with fainting breath,
And the stern smile that lit his brow was frozen there in death.

FOOTMEN'S CALVES.

It may perhaps be not generally known to all our country readers that one of the greatest essentials with regard to the recommendation of a London footman is not only his height, but the size and form of his legs—veal being at a high price in the 'lackey market' of the metropolis. A friend of the author's, who once lived in one of the leading squares at the 'west end,' had occasion to hire a new footman. The man arrived, but for the first two or three days was absent from his post at the hour of his master's dinner. Upon inquiry being made of the butler why the new footman did not make his appearance, the excuse given was, that 'the man's calves had not yet come home.' 'What!' said the astonished master—'what do you mean?' 'Why, sir,' replied the major-domo, 'the man's legs are not quite so well-formed and large as is consistent with his calling, and he has been obliged to have recourse to those artificial means which are resorted to by great numbers of the fashionable footmen of London—namely, to order a pair of "sham calves;" and I am sorry to say that the man who makes them has disappointed him, from the vast quantity which he has had orders for at this season of the year. However, he will be ready to appear by dinner-time to-morrow.'—*New Sporting Magazine.*

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